SAWDUST

DECEMBER - 1944 — VOL. IV. - NO. 12

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

White Christmas

WHITE CHRISTMAS . . . cheery light patterns on deep drifts, from windows framing the homes for which so many of our boys are fighting in foreign lands . . . quiet skies and pin-point stars . . . the whip of the wind through a naked elm, and its soft sigh in the snow-dressed pines . . . that's White Christmas here at home. And how much it means to us this year, since so many of those who are dear to us are not here to share it with us!

White Christmas . . . it stands for so much! It's childhood, and growing up . . . it's having children of our own to cherish the happy hours of Christmas morning, and the breathless excitement of Chrstmas Eve. It's tradition, for Christmas has always meant much to Americans . . . it's Washington and his ragged army crossing an ice-choked river on Christmas Night to smash the drunken Hessians at Trenton. It's a snow-bound cabin in the wilderness where a pioneer family feasts the day on the game of the land. It's the Holy Morning when church bells ring to summon both Catholic and Protestant to worship freely and in their own way. It's a time for giving and for drawing close to one's hearthside, and for listening to the happy prattle of young tongues unschooled in totalitarian lies and hatreds. It's a time for thanking God for giving us the American Way . . . and the strength to fight for it.

There'll be White Christmas this year . . . in New England, and on the northern plains, and in the High Sierras. In the Southland there'll be cotton batting for snow, and tinsel icicles glistening from the mantel. Those of us who remain at home will try to keep the day bright and cheery . . . so that there will be nothing gone out of it when our boys and girls return.

Somehow Christmas sums up everything. It's our own Bill of Rights . . . it's the angel saying to the shepherds, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

Rudie Henderson
Edward Hjeltness
Guy Martin
Florence Adair
Albert Sainz
Cruz Sainz
O. H. Honerlah
Amanda Lasky
Chas. E. Ellis
Orin F. Dearborn
Walter Santos

●

E. P. Fitzgerald
Lee Meyers
Tom Hancock

●

Jimmy-the-Red, Mascot

●

Chalfant Press, Printers

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . .

In the words of Robert Louis Stevenson "Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination, it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well that he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face."

The gifts that Santa brings are traditionally gay things, to bring stars into the eyes of little children, and to make our own hearts warm with gratitude. And in that spirit we say "A Merry Christmas to all." May every little boy get the jeep, or bike, or model plane building set he wants. May every little girl get the doll or pretty bonnet, or paint box she wants. To every hard working man we wish the comfortable robe and slippers he can stretch out in at home. To every woman we wish the little luxury she has so well earned the past year.

But there's another side to the kind of gifts wanted this year. And we turn to Santa in quite another spirit and wish —for all the world—the gift of peace, following the Victory which our own and our Allies' brave fighters are this very day dying to achieve. We ask for the gift of understanding in mankind which will make such wars obsolete as history runs its future course. We ask for the gift of the safe return of every loved one now overseas. How better can we say, "A Merry Christmas to all?"

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Brusque Rejection

Appearances: Dorothy C. Cragen, Supt. of Schools, Re: Attending a meeting at Sacramento Jan. 4, 1945, called by Dr. Walter F. Dexter, to discuss the release of Japanese from Relocation Centers. After consideration it was decided unnecessary for her to attend.—Inyo County Supervisors Proceedings.

Stimulation

If what you do to get publicity (and incidentally business) is the wrong way to run a lumber business, then heaven help the poor sap who tries to convince himself that he can sit back . . .—E. U. Wheelock, L. A., Cal.

• SAWDUST, unlike conventional house-organs, has demonstrated on occasion that it is a prime example of how not to run a lumber business. A few irate customers have withdrawn their accounts in protest to our attempted forthrightness, oddly enough, only when it effects them.—Ed.

10c Can of Paint

The poem concerning the "Best Seat in the House" and the maintenance problem connected thereto appealed to all and especially to Clint Laughlin. . . He is quite a performer with French dialect stories. . . He had committed it to memory some time past, but seldom presented it because, when he and the rest of the crowd was sober no one wanted to hear it, and when he was in prime condition for the rendition he couldn't remember the words.—G. W. Burnett, L. A., Cal.

Filly Appeal

The girls around here enjoy reading SAWDUST too.—Barbara Bonham, C|N, L. A., Cal.

Father-time

Noticed in SAWDUST that Bob was coming home for Christmas. Seems the last time we met our families were mere kids and enjoyed racing through your house, and now they are becoming a part in the war effort. We look ahead for peacetime and it seems farther away. When we look back it seems only yesterday.—John Dorword, Westend, Cal.

400° Fahrenheit

Through the columns of Savage's pages and the sizzling lines of SAWDUST we have in a remote way kept in touch with the Church. Chamber of Commerce, Lions Club, and the Swimming Pool. My membership is now in the Covina Lions Club.—Harold Preston, Azusa, Cal.

Aged Overconservatism

We lived many lives in those whirling campaigns, never sparing ourselves any good or evil: Yet, when we had achieved and the new world dawned, the old men came out again, and took from us our victory and remade it in the likeness of the former world they knew. Youth could win, but had not learned to keep, and was pitiably weak against age. We stammered that we had worked for a new heaven and a new earth, and they thanked us kindly, and made their peace. When we are their age, no doubt we shall serve our children so.—T. E. Lawrence.

—SD—

Christmas seals are now considered as "fair game" by postage stamp collectors. The earlier seals especially are cataloged at most attractive prices.

RETROSPECTION

According to the clock it is 10 minutes to twelve. However this was not New Year's, merely a birthday party of 15 years ago. Left to right: Loretta Miller, Fred Reynolds, Genevieve Naffziger, Maule Miller, Ethyl Sears, Dean L. Sears, Aurelia McLean, Dr. M. A. Williamson, W. E. McLean, Hazel Reynolds, Helen Best, Stella Williamson, Teresa Chapman, Wm. Echloff and Tom Chapman.

Of the above family group, there are but two presently living. At the extreme left as a frowning youngster, perhaps disgruntled because of the flowing tie, is capable and personable constable and night officer Oscar Burkhardt. To the extreme right is the older youngster of the group, curly-haired Fred Burkhardt. The remaining three, now deceased, are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burkhardt and Henry L. Picture by an itinerant photographer was the verdant old home site yet occupied by Oscar.

ADVERTISING ART OF THE '70s

Thanks to Miss Lenore Carrasco for a copy of the Inyo Independent for April 6, 1872, from which the following advertisements were excerpted:

INYO HOUSE
Independence, California

The Undersigned, Having Leased The above well known house, would announce that he will make every effort to give the best of accommodations to all his patrons; regular or transient, at the lowest rates. C. H. Parsons.

AMERICAN HOTEL
Cerro Gordo,
Inyo County . . . . . Cal.
JOSEPH SEELY, Proprietor

The above well known hotel, having changed hands, the proprietor would respectfully announce that the house will be carried on in first-class style.

LONE PINE HOTEL

The undersigned, having purchased the above property respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.
MRS. M. A. BARRY, Proprietress.

COSMOPOLITAN SALOON,
Cerro Gordo, Cal.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the finest quality constantly on hand. The
TWO FINEST BILLIARD TABLES
In the county connected with this Saloon. Call and sample our wet groceries.
DAVISON & HUGHES, Proprietors.

P. REDDY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO.,
CALIFORNIA

HEADQUARTERS SALOON,
INDEPENDENCE
Where first-class Wines, Liquors and Cigars will be dispensed by first-class mixologists. First-class billiard table and club-rooms attached, wherein gentlemen can profitably entertain themselves. Come and see for yourselves.
COL. O. R. PUTNEY & CO.
Proprietors.

ORLEANS HOTEL,
Lone Pine, Inyo County, Cal.
D. J. CANTY, Proprietor.

This popular hotel having changed hands, the proprietor respectfully announces to the public that the house will be conducted in the best style. There is a
BAR ATTACHED,
Which has constantly on hand the choicest of
WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.
Call and take a smile.

E. H. VAN DECAR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR INYO COUNTY,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Will practice in the Sixteenth Judicial District and the Counties comprising the same.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S
EXPRESS
Independence, Cal.
Will forward bullion, treasure and valuable packages to all parts of the World. Collections and Commissions attended to with dispatch.
HARRIS & RHINE, Agents.
Office—At Harris & Rhine's store.

PAUL W. BENNETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, Inyo Co., Cal.

NED REDDY'S SALOON
Cerro Gordo, Cal.

Adulteration by water being no object, and keeping none but the very best, the undersigned respectfully call attention to the fact that his is THE PLACE to procure the finest
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
E. A. REDDY, Proprietor

MAY'S SALOON
Corner of Market and Edwards Streets
INDEPENDENCE,

A popular resort for the thirsty. Every description of the best of drinkables dispensed at the bar.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE
With fittings complete, in connection.
THOMAS MAY, Proprietor.

PIONEER SALOON.
LONE PINE, CAL.
C. D. BEGOLE, Proprietor.

Having thoroughly overhauled and refitted this popular place of resort, the proprietor calls attention to the fact that he has now on hand the largest and best stock of
THE FINEST WINES AND LIQUORS,
Ever brought to the county, which he will dispose of over the bar at the usual rates.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON

Shop one door South of the Court House.
WM. H. HUFF, Proprietor.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Etc. Done in the best manner. Warm and cold baths at all hours.

F. K. MILLER
ATTORNEY, COUNSELOR AT LAW and NOTARY PUBLIC,
Lone Pine, Inyo County, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Sixteenth Judicial District.

COULDN'T RECONCILE THE FACTS . . .

It was evident to the Presbyterian Sunday School teacher that little Johnnie had something on his mind, and that that something was bothering him considerably. Finally the small boy came to the point. He said:

"Teacher, little Max Levy who lives next door to us, says that Jesus Christ, who was born on Christmas in a manger, was a Jew. That isn't true, is it?"

She answered kindly: "Yes, Johnnie, Jesus was a Jew."

She saw the great puzzlement that came over his face. He said:

"Teacher, do you really mean that Jesus Christ was a Jew?"

"Yes, Johnnie," she told him again. "It is true. Jesus was a Jewish boy, Why?"

He said: "Well, I don't understand it at all."

She said: "You don't understand what, Johnnie?"

He said, almost in tears: "I don't understand how if God is a Presbyterian, His only Son could be a Jew." —Calif. Lumber Merchant.

—SD—

Little Betty had a bad habit of sucking her thumb. "Betty," said her mother, "if you don't quit that you'll swell up and bust!" This idea seemed to get results until one day when some ladies dropped in for tea. Little Betty quickly spied one of the ladies who was obviously "expecting the stork" and in her best sing-song fashion cried: "Yah, Yah, shame on you—I know what you've been doing."

SD

Small Boy—"I'm not afraid of going to the hospital, mother. I'll be brave and take my medicine, but I ain't going to let them palm off a baby on me like they did on you. I want a pup."

THREE LITTLE WORDS . . .

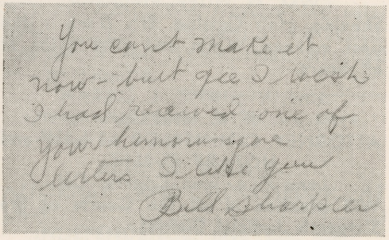
Reproduced on this page is the penciled postal of a man who knew he was to die within a few days—Bill Sharples. We knew Bill had been in the hospital for the past several weeks. We knew he had not long to live. We knew he enjoyed nothing more than letters—any letters. Knowing all that we neglected Bill Sharples in his last few weeks on this earth.

Summoning his remaining strength Bill sent us that postal. It arrived the morning of Dec. 28th. The first five words were of wistful reproach: "You can't make it now------" There were another dozen words, and finally three little words that stabbed at our conscience as it had never been pierced before: "I like you."

That morning we forgot whether the lumber trucks were being properly loaded. We forgot about our accounts receivables and payables. We were no longer engrossed in such commonplace things as nails, putty, cement, etc. We spent a tear-streaming hour, unashamedly, writing a telegram, in a hurried attempt to grant in time Bill Sharples' last request to us.

Needless to state, any telegram lacks the warmth of a letter.

Mrs. Bertha Sharples wrote to us that afternoon, and said in part: "Your wire was received by Bill at one this afternoon. Needless for me to say he was touched. It came fortunately during one of the times when he was conscious and his mind not wandering . . . "



Death, as it must to all men, came to Bill Sharples in the first month of the New Year. Of his last moments Mrs. Sharples again wrote, in part: "He died a beautiful death, if death can be called beautiful. He put his head on my shoulder, said a beautiful prayer that he had composed and quietly slept away . . . "

We in Lone Pine believe that a fitting requiem to his many thousands of radio broadcasts was that his last was a full thirty minutes for Lone Pine's Community Plunge, September 16th.

How does one send a letter by telegraph to a dying man? Believe us, it is a makeshift manner. But we did the best we could with this:

DEC 28 1944

BILL SHARPLES
QUEEN OF ANGELS HOSPITAL
2301 BELLEVUE AVE
LOS ANGELES CAL

DEAR BILL: WHAT DO YOU MEAN I CAN'T MAKE IT NOW? I HAVE NEVER YET KNOWINGLY MISSED A CURTAIN CALL. GOD WILLING, I CERTAINLY WON'T MISS THAT OF BILL SHARPLES'.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER YOUR CARD ARRIVED IN TODAY'S MAIL I TELEPHONED YOUR HOME. SWEET LITTLE JOAN ANSWERED AS SHE WAS THERE ALONE. THE VOICE THAT WILL SOME DAY CARRY ON THE OLD BILL SHARPLES GLORIOUS RADIO TRADITIONS CAME OVER LONG DISTANCE CLEARLY AND SOFTLY. THROUGH JOAN I GRASPED FULLY AND SADLY THE MEANING OF YOUR POSTAL. WITH MAGNIFICENT PRESENCE OF MIND SHE REQUESTED THAT NO ONE BE TOLD SO THAT VENERABLE LEE CHAMBERS WOULD PERHAPS HEAR AND WORRY. THE SAME OLD BILL, THINKING ALWAYS OF OTHERS.

WHAT CAPRICE OR WHIMSEY IT WAS THAT YOUR THOUGHTS SHOULD HONOR ME IN YOUR LAST WORLDLY DAYS IS SOMETHING I SHALL NEVER COMPREHEND. BUT BILL, IT WILL BE FOREVER TUGGING AT MY HEARTSTRINGS. THROUGH ETERNITY I SHALL NEVER FORGET!

SINCE SEEING YOU I TOOK ONE OF MY SONS TO INDIANA FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS TO SHOW HIM THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD; TO TALK OF LONE PINE'S PLUNGE AND THE MAGNIFICENT THINGS BILL SHARPLES DID FOR IT. I HAD THE RADIO TRANSCRIPTION WITH ME IN INDIANA, OF THAT GREAT HALF HOUR OF YOURS, HARRY VONZELL'S, AND NORMAN KELLEY'S OVER KMTR.

BILL, I ENVY YOU AS ONE WHOSE LIFE'S RACE WAS WELL RUN; WHOSE LIFE'S WORK WAS WELL DONE; WHOSE LIFE'S VICTORY IS WON. ONE WHO HAS EARNED THAT GREAT OPPORTUNITY, NOT TO DEPART FROM LIFE, BUT TO GO FROM ONE HOME TO ANOTHER, AS I, TOO, SHALL PERHAPS DO BEFORE ALL MY TASKS ARE DONE.

BILL, THIS CHRISTMAS WEEK WE HAVE HEARD MANY STORIES OF THE WISE MEN. THERE IS A TALE OF THE

WISE MEN I SHALL ALWAYS BELIEVE, AND THAT IS THOSE WHOM WE THINK WE HAVE LOST HAVE ONLY BEEN SENT ON AHEAD.

AND BILL, JUST AT THAT FINAL MOMENT WHEN YOU EMBARK ON THAT DELIGHTFUL JOURNEY THROUGH THE GATES OF ETERNAL LIFE SET IN AN OLD IVY-COVERED WALL. THAT FINAL MOMENT WHEN THE LAST BELL STRIKES, I CAN SEE IN MY IMAGINATION A PECULIAR SWEET SMILE SHINING OVER YOUR FACE, AS YOU PERHAPS LIFT UP YOUR HEAD A LITTLE, HEARING FOR THE LAST TIME THE OLD RADIO SIGNOFF THAT YOU WARMED THE COCKLES OF THE HEARTS OF A MILLION LISTENERS; THE SIGNOFF NOT PLAYED THIS TIME TO THE ORGAN MUSIC OF RUBY MILLER'S CAPABLE FINGERS, BUT SET TO THE VOLUPTUOUS SWELL OF A HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS AS IT GENTLY STEALS UPON YOUR EARS:

"SO WE PRAY THE PRAYER
THE EASTERNERS DO,
AND MAY THE PEACE OF
ALLAH ABIDE WITH YOU.
WHEREVER YOU STAY—
WHEREVER YOU GO—
MAY THE BEAUTIFUL PALMS
OF ALLAH GROW.
THROUGH DAYS OF LABOR
AND NIGHTS OF REST,
MAY THE PALMS OF ALLAH
MAKE YOU BLEST.
SO WE CROSS OUR HEARTS
AS THE EASTERNERS DO,
AND MAY THE PEACE OF
ALLAH ABIDE WITH
YOU."

AND SO, BILL, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN: ALOHA.

RUDIE HENDERSON.

Unusual Facts About Christmas

Christmas was actually forbidden in America by the Puritan fathers for 22 years because they thought it a pagan festival.

The author of childhood's best loved poem, "The Night Before Christmas," Clement Clark Moore, was a professor of Divinity at a New York Theological Seminary and so afraid it would damage his reputation that he disclaimed authorship for nearly 20 years.

Santa Claus was the first person to enter New York Harbor from the old world. He was the figurehead on a Dutch ship entering the port in 1623.

Vasco De Gama, great Portuguese navigator, was born on Christmas, died on Christmas, and on Christmas discovered the island of Natal which means Christmas.

One of our most beautiful and strangest flowers is named after Christmas—the Christmas Rose. Fragile and waxy-white, this flower blooms through ice and snow and Christmas is considered the center of its lengthy winter blooming season.

Santa Klaus of Pottstown, Pa., was born on Christmas Day. Merry Christmas, a young lady, lives in San Francisco. And Noel Natividad Noel, meaning Christmas Christmas Christmas, was born on Christmas day and later became Vicar General of the Order of Benedictines.

The fir happens to be our Christmas tree by accident. At an early religious festival in which a giant oak was felled, the fir alone stood up between the fallen monarch's branches, apparently untouched. Immediately it was proclaimed the tree of the Christ child.

Wallpaper

December 7th: A big date in another way: Major George Palmer Putnam returned home, laden with gifts. A combat coat for this writer, a jewel box from India for the wife, trinkets for the bratlings. The array of groceries in the local stores were intriguing to him . . . Original hard-luck tike: Mike Baker sick for two weeks while the Liliputian & Epizootic trains were in operation. . . Poignancy: NBC's "Merry Christmas Daddy" program Christmas night. Children of New York and Washington talking to their G. I. fathers in Rome, Paris and London. Some over three years old who had never seen their daddies. The husky comments of one G. I. hearing his crying 4-months-old daughter, born while he was overseas, were tear-jerking. . . Our credit manager, C. E. Ellis, father of three boys, received a Christmas present in the shape of a baby girl. He says she has been named All-is. . . Confusing but amusing: Post Office Dept. officials recently issued a bulletin advising Army and Navy person-

nel in the San Diego, Cal., area that mail was being deposited in trash boxes on street corners throughout the city. Servicemen mistook the trash boxes for street letter boxes. . . The end of a lumbering dynasty since the Civil War was the sale of the Red River Lumber Company at Westwood, Cal. . . . Thanks to the Kelly Pipe Co. of Los Angeles for another of their muchly used Year Books. . . . Major gripe: We have handled Celotex products since they were first made. Prior to the war we averaged about 4 carloads a year each from the Celotex Corp. and the U. S. Gypsum Co. In all of 1944 we were able to buy only one car from Celotex, but 65 carloads from U. S. Gypsum. The only reason we didn't obtain more from the latter was our inability to use them. Celotex's president Bror Dahlberg apparently can take a tip or two from muchly maligned U. S. Gypsum's president Sewell Avery. . . Teen-aged youngsters joy-riding in an unclassifiable motor-vehicle dubbed the 8-Ball, narrowly missed real tragedy in an accident Christmas afternoon. Not so incidentally was this same vehicle tearing through the property of a citizen's a few miles south of town. But that's another, although interesting and highly comical story. . . In a playful mood, Gene Skinner transposed the distributor wires on this writer's Chevvy pick-up New Year's Eve. The verbal and motor reverberations materially aided in bringing in the new year with proper bombastry . . . Said G. W. Dow: "I bought another bond today so Roosevelt's sons can fly some more dogs by Army airplanes." . . . A mopping-up party was clearing the last holdouts from the last dugouts on one of the Marshall Islands. As the fuse was set to discharge the demolitions, a Jap came running out with hands high. "Don't shoot," he said. "I've got a brother in Brooklyn." He finally convinced authorities that he does have a brother in Brooklyn. . . Definition of a chiropractor: One who is paid for what other men are slapped for . . . Here's hoping your '45 may be loaded!

STRICTLY PERSONAL

Considering the fact that we fail to answer letters to the point of rudeness, we are singularly fortunate in the large number of well written communications that come to us. Three exceptional ones this month are well worth reproduction in these columns.

The following is from a Los Angeles attorney upon the death of his father:

"You, I hope, will forgive this belated expression of appreciation, on behalf of my family, for the lovely flowers at the time of Dad's passing.

"We all feel very fortunate in having had Dad with us these many years, and Doc and I feel doubly fortunate in having been his sons. In fact, all young men were his sons. Some way or other, he always seemed to be able to help them. Like many men, he had two loves: one, his family, and the other his profession.

"You both are fortunate that you are in a small city where fathers and mothers have more time to devote to their children. This was true of our early life for many years, but as Dad grew, so did his absence. But he exerted himself more to be with his family than many of us of this generation.

"I write this letter with some difficulty. Rudie, however, has been one of those individuals who has extended himself in many a way as a true friend to me. In some small way I have tried to reciprocate. If it were not for these facts, this letter would be too long. In any event, I want you both to know how I feel. The art or habit of letter-writing has never been mine."

The following is from a Los Angeles lady, written New Year's eve, 1944:

"My mind races back, traverses many paths that lead to New Year's eves. While there were in my 'teens and later out here, many gay New Year's parties—as a whole, New Year's eve was always a rather sad time for me, or rather, always held sad moments for me. Maybe they came as I stood in the cold of an Indiana porch, the ground deep with snow, stars overhead, maybe with moonlight drenching all; maybe it was a pleasant California night in which I had danced or had gone to town to see the New Year in with much noise on the streets. But somehow or other, sadness always crept in.

"I was glad to turn the last page and close the cover of some years. Those times made me reach for the new volume almost with fear and trembling, fearing what its pages might contain. And always do I wonder what I shall find written on the 365 pages of the new book. Perhaps the pages are not written. I do not know. Maybe they are all blank, and I do the writing. But that cannot be. I do not write ill health, the passing of loved ones, wars, and such.

"Why try to fathom it? I only know—while sad to see the passing of some things, I am glad to see the passing of others; and always hopeful though sometimes fearful of what may lie ahead. This is not something that has come with the years, it was ever so, even when I stood in the cold of an Indiana porch long years ago.

"If I could command the writing of but two pages of the Book 1945, they would be: The restoring of peace to all the world, peace that would be permanent. The other, personal, but I hope not selfish, restoration of health to my own weary body."

The following is an all too flattering note of appreciation from a naval commander after a day's leave in Lone Pine:

"Just once in a long time a man or woman has the privilege of seeing over the top of everyday things, with a suddenly cleared vision as when a bright plane comes swiftly out of a storm into the blue sky with entire reassurance.

"I felt better after the day in Lone Pine than I have felt for a long time.

"I had seen a man who is proud of his wife and his sons—who has harnessed his delights to his remunerative enthusiasms in a beautiful, harmonious, productive existence . . .

"I believe that you have made of your life a beautiful and fine pattern, and I am grateful to have added to the store of my mind's riches the knowledge of a man's zest for good, hearty living which has disproved so finally the futility of effortless, undirected living.

"The quantity of courage engendered by your spirit and example can never be estimated.

"For my part, I want to thank you for a strength and vigor found in a perfect day."

—SD—

The hostess halted her bridge party. "Hush," she said reverently, "the children are going to deliver their good-night message. Listen." There was a moment of silence—then shyly, "Mama, Willie found a bedbug."

SAWDUST LOCALS . . .

Items Omitted From the Lone Pine Press

Hazel Hawkins and Hank Zitteldorf was united in wedlock in a pretty wedding last month at the Court House in the county seat when Hazel's paw finally caught up with Hank. The bride was given away by her old man but Hank don't know who gave him away. He says he'll make it hot for somebody when he finds out who. Congratulations, Hank, you always was a fast worker.

Spainhower's cows and the local ball team will change places starting next Sunday. The baseball boys will take over the north forty where the cows used to be and vice versa. Bright new red bases have been bought so nobody won't make any mistakes.

The little tots down at the Sunday School are doing right smart. The 7-year olds are beyond Original Sin and the 8-year olds are past Redemption.

It seems Philemon Squiggins and Clementine Twigley ain't legally married on account of her old man didn't have a license to carry a gun.

November ushered a cold Wave in Lone Pine for awhile. At least, some of the boys said she was. Your editor didn't get a date with her, himself.

Jeff Willers is recuperating from the turkey shoot, where somebody's gun went off and shot him in the excitement.

Shoppers' Guide

DRUGS: Mennen's powder. Also women's. Dandruff Remover, will also remove paint, varnish and ink spots. Baker's Drugs.

BEHIND THE BANDSAW

Elmer woke up at the hospital the other morning with a fractured skull, **a broken arm and a** dislocated knee. Realizing his condition he asked a friend what the hell happened.

"Why, don't you remember?" the chap said. "We had an outside room on the tenth floor of the hotel and you got all ambitious and asked a couple of fellows up for a drink and we all four got plenty plastered. Then you opened a couple of windows in the room and bet one of the fellows you could jump out the west window and come back in the south one."

"That was a silly thing," said Elmer. "What did you let me do it for?"

"Well, I wasn't going to, but it looked for a minute like you was gonna make it."

—SD—

A school teacher tells about a little boy whose coat was so difficult to fasten that she went to his assistance. As she tugged at the hook, she said:

"Did your mother hook this coat for you?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply, "she bought it."

—SD—

When the colored couple were being married by the clergyman, and the words, "love, honor and obey" were spoken, the bridegroom interrupted:

"Read that again, suh, read it once moh, so's de lady kin ketch de full solumnity ob de meanin'. I'se been married befoh."

—SD—

"Why so downcast, Bud?"

"Well, I was spoonin' with mah sugar last night and der warn't nothin' stirrin'."

Words of a man teaching his wife to drive an automobile:

"Now ye're all set. Just turn the jigger over and push on the hickey with your left hand and pull down that other little jimcrack with your right. Then press down the doodad with your foot and pull the thingmabob at the same time, and when it starts you push in the dofunny with your left foot and yank the umpty-diddy back and then let up on the foot dingus, and put your other foot on the kickey-ma-doodle.

"Don't forget to push down on the hoot-nanny every time you move the whatyoumacallit, and you'll be hunky-dory, see?"

—SD—

A youngster of three had been naughty. His mother stripped him of his clothes and gave him a good sound spanking, then she put him in his room. It was the first time he had seen himself in the nude and as he sidled up to the mirror he exclaimed, "Just as I thought. She split me wide open!"

—SD—

"I vant some pepper," he told the clerk.

"What kind of pepper do you prefer, black or light colored pepper?" she asked.

"I don't vant neder; I vant toilot pepper."

—SD—

"Sambo, where you all gwine in such a rage?"

"Ah's gwine to get that doctah what sewed up my operation with white thread."

—SD—

Blonde: Sorry, sailor, but I don't go out with perfect strangers.

Sailor: Don't worry about that, babe, I ain't perfect.

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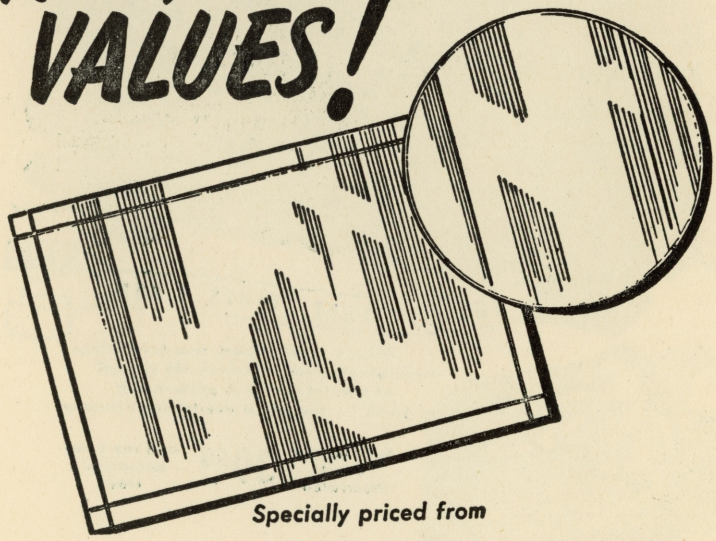

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